nough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſ. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſ. Page. A puſt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is plummet ore me, vſe mee as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windſor to one Maſter *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, where *I* will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Maſter *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſ. Ford. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*,

Page. Sonne? How now Sonne.
Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen.

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſ
on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry
Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it h
i'th Church, I would haue ſwing'd him,
haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had
Page, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis
Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the w

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I thi
I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had beene ma
all hee was in womans apparrell) I would
him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried
cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed,
not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy.

M. Page. Good *George* be not angry,
purpoſe: turn'd my daughter in white, a
is now with the Doctor at the Dene
married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am coz
ried oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar
An Page, by gar, *I* am cozened.

Miſ. Page. Why? did you take her in whi

Cai. *I* bee gar, and 'tis a boy; be g
Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got th

Page. My heart miſgiues me, here com
How now Maſter *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my m

Page. Now Miſtris;
How chance you went not with Maſter *S*